Tells the Facts and Names the Names

$2.50

CounterPunch

November 1-15 2000 *Alexander Cockburn and Jeffrey St. Clair* VOL. 7, NO.19

In This Issue

BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS

- "Mandate" Reduced to Farce; Glorious Gridlock for Next 4 Years
- Vote Fraud: As American as Apple Pie
- How Col. Harry Crown Got His Pay-off, and Why Abe Fortas Became LBJ's Favorite Lawyer
- A Chat with Nader

SCARRED PSYCHES

- G.W. Bush as Mommy's Boy
- Is Al the Manic-Depressive One?

THE STALEY STRIKE

- Courtroom Reunion

Voting Without Tears:

How To Hold Your Nose And Not Spoil Your Ballot Paper

See what happens when they say "Hold your nose and vote for Al Gore". Those elderly Jews in Palm Beach county tried to do just that. It's tough to read a ballot paper properly when you're trying to squint round the side of your hand. Try it yourself.

"Public happiness," Hannah Arendt once wrote, "is not isolating, but shared. It is the happiness if being free among other free people, of having one's public faith redeemed and returned." Never have we known such intense public happiness at what happened in Florida. Walk down the street and you heard "Gore" or "Bush" or "Florida" on every gleeful lip. Now that the supposedly democratic "mandate" is being reduced to farce Americans are having their instinctive lack of faith in the political process rousingly vindicated. Everyone knows that what's true of Palm Beach county –- incompetent technology, human frailty, wilful obstruction of inconvenient voters – is true of at least half the counties across the United States.

Take the case of felons who have served time, probation and parole. 525,000 Floridians were denied their vote on November 7 because of felony convictions in their past, maybe writing a bad check 30 years ago. In the last 25 years, the number of ex-felons disenfranchised has increased from 1 percent to almost 5 percent of Florida's voting-age population. At least 139,000 black ex-felons, 9 percent of Florida's blacks of voting age, were denied a vote.

In the Florida courtroom of federal judge Middlebrook a counsel for George W. Bush acknowledged a built-in error rate for voting machines of anywhere from 2 to 5 per cent. Since the opinion polls regularly concede an error margin in their estimates of anywhere from 4 per cent to 6 per cent, this means that the more reputable polls may well be more reliable registers of the people's choice than the machines that supposedly record the people's conclusive judgement.

JOYS OF VOTE FRAUD

Gazing at the assorted spokespersons for Gore and Bush we can exult in the tradition of vote fraud that ennobles America's political history. Here was William Daley, chairman of Al Gore's campaign, son of Mayor Richard Daley who helped fix the Cook county vote in Illinois in 1960, an important ingredient in the drive to put Jack Kennedy over the top, even as Richard Nixon's men in southern Illinois toiled manfully to fix the vote the other way. Here too was James Baker, scion of the Texas oil industry that benefitted so hugely from Lyndon Johnson's first stolen senatorial election.

Many an American success story stems from vote fraud. Take LBJ and Abe Fortas, put on the US Supreme Court by LBJ and then forced off it. In (**Vote** continued on page 2)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Little Secrets

1948 LBJ had "won" by 87 votes out of 90,000, with some precincts showing an heroic turnout of 2000 above those registered. LBJ and his advisers feared a lawsuit and planned a strategy of delay, seeking changes of venue and so forth, maybe even a re-vote. Then up spoke a young lawyer, Abe Fortas. Leave the case in the unfavorable courtroom, he counselled. Lose. Then immediately appeal it up to the US Supreme Court, at which point Justice Black would intervene and rule in LBJ's favor. Fortas rightly calculated that Black would be scared of the booming power of Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrats in 1948 and would want to see the former New Dealer (by '48 LBJ had swung sharply to the right) keep his seat. Both LBJ and Fortas duly prospered.

Take Cook county. The treasurer of the Cook County Democratic Party in 1960 when JFK needed votes in Chicago to put him over was a (Kentucky) colonel called Henry Crown, also the head of Chicago Sand and Gravel, regarded by knowledgeable observers as Mob-controlled. Crown, the money behind Daley, helped deliver dead Democrats in Cook County. The following year Crown bought roughly $300 millions worth of General Dynamics' debentures, only to have the mortification of seeing General Dynamics rack up a huge loss, due to the collapse of its Convair 770 and 880 airliner program started by GD with the hopes of getting into the civil aviation market.

Just about that fraught time, the US Air Force was completing source selection for a tri-service fighter project. The selection panel opted for Boeing's proposal and this recommendation was sent up to the Secretary of the Air force and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. At this point Henry Crown decided to call in his chips. He contacted Kennedy and reminded him of the favors done in Cook County. JFK muscled McNamara into selecting GD's swing-wing F-111 design. McNamara toed the line, and GD duly produced a design and engineering catastrophe, which eventually had to be recalled but which nonetheless retrieved the value of Crown's debentures and set General Dynamics firmly set firmly on the road to commercial success. Attention all civics class teachers: America's leading defense conglomerate today found its decisive turn of fortune in vote fraud in Chicago in 1960.

The Spoiler

Until Florida's voting procedures began to monopolise public attention, the villain of the hour was Ralph Nader, whose green vote seems at time of writing to have been a decisive factor in Florida, New Hampshire, Oregon, and New Hampshire. But for the votes for Nader in these states, Gore would have won. Depending on what the Republicans do, Nader could also turn out to have played a crucial role in Wisconsin and Iowa.

This was not lost on Democrats, some of whom left such finely crafted messages on the Vote Nader 2000 website as Nov 8, 15:02 as: "Instead of spitting on yourself, why not kill yourself. Save us the trouble of having to hunt you down." "I hope to god that one of the trees that Nader saves falls on him and kills him." "I hope someone kills you!" "May Nader die slowly in horrible agony from some loathsome disease!" (Al Berger) "Go to hell and die!! If I see a car with a faggot Nader bumper sticker I'm gonna smash it with a crowbar!!!" "An Arab can never be trusted. They will wait as long as it takes to do you in and this is exactly what Nader has done to the country." We don't recall this level of animus from Republicans when Perot's Reform Party cost George H. Bush reelection in 1992.

Such sentiments weren't confined to Democratic yahoos on the web. Lloyd Grove, who writes a gossip column for the Washington Post, had this item a couple of days after the election. "Around 2:30 a.m. today in Bill and Hillary Clinton's hotel suite—where Miramax mogul Harvey Weinstein and Talk magazine mistress Tina Brown gathered with 50-odd beer-drinking movie folk and hangers-on (including yours truly)—it was apparent that the Clintons are no exception. After President Clinton ticked off the states, including Florida, where Nader was hurting Gore, Brown's husband, Harry Evans, exclaimed: 'I want to kill Nader!' 'That's not a bad idea!' Sen.-elect Clinton replied with a big grin—immediately followed by a collective cry of 'That's off the record!'"

A Chat with Nader

Talking to Nader two days after the election we asked him what he thought of Grove's story. "I called up Evans, and he was chagrined", Nader told us. "He said everyone was drunk, and he apologized. But look at what Hillary Clinton said right after. Can you imagine what would happen if the Secret Service monitored a private citizen making a remark like that about a public political figure?" Nader phoned New York's freshly elected junior senator too, but it seems she was too busy with her proposed constitutional amendment discarding the electoral college to get back to him.

We asked Nader if he was disappointed at the Greens' 3 per cent national showing. "I always knew the projected Green vote would drop when people got into the voting booth", Nader answered. "You should see some of the scare tactics of the Gore crowd. Telling people that if they voted for me they'd been sponsoring back street abortions. In part we have been the victim of inflated ex-

Editors
Alexander Cockburn
Jeffrey St. Clair

Business Manager
Becky Grant

Design
Deborah Thomas

Counselor
Ben Sonnenberg

Published twice monthly except August, 22 issues a year:
$40 individuals,
$100 institutions/supporters
$30 student/low-income
CounterPunch.
All rights reserved.
CounterPunch
3220 N. St., NW, PMB 346
Washington, DC, 20007-2829
1-800-840-3683 (phone)
1-800-967-3620 (fax)
www.counterpunch.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you want to understand what makes Nader run, read the real Dr. Laura's book.

pectations – with people predicting that we were heading for 8 per cent. On election day I said I reckoned we'd get about 3.5 per cent."

Frankly, here at CounterPunch we're glad the Greens didn't get the 5 percent. Receipt of that "party-building" money would have inevitably destroyed the party from the inside. The Greens really are anarcho-syndicalists in the best sense. The party is a collective of disparate political groupings, enviros, peace activists, and dissident labor forces. Trying to mould them together into a big political party with a grand strategic platform would, we think, be self-defeating. Another four years of Democratic migration to the right will only invigorate these organizations without risking the pitfalls of trying to become a "major party."

We asked Nader when he would prefer Bush or Gore in the White House and he hemmed and hawed a bit. One can make the arguments both ways and we chewed over the alternatives in our chat. On the one hand a Bush victory deriving in part from Nader taking votes away from Gore would remind Democrats that they had better listen more carefully to radical demands in the future. On the other hand, Democrats in opposition can call for unity and a setting-aside-of-differences in recapturing power. If Gore wins the White House it will be far easier to Greens to organize amid ongoing Democratic misbehavior and betrayal. You can make the case both ways, which we duly did, with Nader agreeing with both. We don't think he's made up his mind on the matter, which is understandable.

We bid Nader to be of good cheer and not to be oppressed by vilification by the Democrats. "We've been writing that you're our Robespierre, Ralph! With class actions suits instead of the guillotine!" "Oh my God," he said laughing. "I hope no one you say that to knows any history. At least you didn't say 'You're our Marat." Nader voters didn't vote holding their noses, so they didn't screw up their ballots.

RALPH'S FAVORITE BOOKS

Here's some news for that dwindling and beleagured minority of the populace who read books: George Bush and Al Gore both asserted in the campaign their favorite book is the Bible. Bush also confessed to having read a biography of Dean Acheson. Absent evidence that he's read anything else, we can put that down as W's number two pick as favorite book. Gore put Stendhal's Le Rouge et Le Noir in second place. Early in October we asked Nader for his two top favorites and back came the answer "Alfred North Whitehead's The Aims of Education, and Harmony Ideology by Laura Nader". We must confess we've never read Whitehead's book, but we do know the one by Ralph's sister. It's an attack on the notion of "coercive harmony", which Laura Nader, a professor of anthropology at UC Berkeley once defined as "basically a movement against the contentious in anything, and it has very strange bedfellows, from people with various psychiatric therapy movements, Christian fundamentalists, corporations sick of paying lawyers, activists who believe we should love each other… We are talking about coercive harmony – an ideology that says if you disagree, you should really keep your mouth shut."

So if you want to understand what makes Nader run and why the shrieks of the Democrats don't faze him, read his sister's (the real Dr Laura) book.

MOMMY'S BOY

Back in 1979, down in south Florida we interviewed George Bush Sr's mother Dorothy, a charming lady living in Hobe Sound, one of the most intransigeantly WASP enclaves in the universe. Like many in Bush's family she referred to Poppy indulgently as a slightly eccentric and not particularly promising family offshoot who had made the truly odd decision to go and seek his fortune in Texas and the even odder decision to seek the White House. Not long thereafter we interviewed Barbara Bush, one of the nastier women we have ever encountered in the course of journalistic business. The way we read it, W as a kid was ranged solidly with Mom, marooned in the oil patch as George Sr galloped around the globe. You doubt Mom was angry? Please explain why she decided to look like her husband's granny. W is a Mommy's boy, as is evidenced by his habit of hauling around his "security pillow" wherever he goes.

AL AS MANIC-DEPRESSIVE

And Al? Our feeling that he was hyper-manic amid the Florida count is buttressed by this communication from a CounterPuncher in the Midwest. "I've sometimes wondered if Gore's self aggrandizing lies are a symptom of the manic phase of a manic-depressive illness. The other day I was arguing with one of our more distinguished faculty members and was just about to truck the idea out, saying 'those lies...' when he interrupted me with 'Oh, that's manic-depression', adding, before I could express the lovely satisfaction one feels when a baseless notion is validated. 'Not a big deal. I'm manic depressive. Means I get a lot done—even if I drive my staff nuts.' He then said (as he dashed off in a characteristically manic way) 'He couldn't have a severe case or people would notice that he's medicated.' It seems to me though that people have noticed that Gore occasionally seems (over) medicated.

MICHAEL, REALLY!

Soon we reached the point when to deny Al Gore the victory in Florida was to deny the Holocaust. Here's what Michael Moore posted on his site over the weekend after the election: "Sixty-two years ago tonight, the Holocaust began in full force on what was called Kristallnacht. The German government sent goon squads throughout the country to trash and burn the homes, stores and temples of its Jewish citizens. Seven years and 6 million slaughtered lives later, the Jewish people of Europe were virtually extinct. A few survived. I will not allow those who survived to come here to this "land of the free" be abused again. They are our fellow citizens in our great democracy, and their voice, if I have anything to say about it,

(Vote continued on page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Pepper Spray Came to Decatur

Staley Courtroom Reunion

By JoAnn Wypijewski

Urbana, Illinois

Just to show how fast the world moves, in 1994 people were shocked when police in Decatur, Illinois, blasted pepper spray in the faces of locked out workers and their supporters at a demonstration outside the A.E. Staley Company. Since then tear gas and rubber bullets have become familiar adjuncts to protest. Perhaps habituated to scenes of police violence from Seattle and elsewhere, a federal jury on November 6 "deliberated" just long enough to have a free lunch and then found those cops in Decatur not guilty of violating the civil rights of the Staley protesters through the use of unreasonable force.

The verdict, in Urbana, Illinois, affirmed once again that "reasonable force" means whatever police say it means. It also provided the final footnote of injustice to the Staley struggle, the most heroic rank-and-file fight of the 1990s. No other workers of the period, or since, carried out such a powerful factory-floor strategy of resistance, and no others took the message of solidarity so compellingly on the road.

They lost ultimately, and since then their stories have been personal and often painful: about divorce and suicide, about the death from cancer of at least eight workers in one department and the death of children, about people starting over at minimum wage jobs and others wandering from place to place looking for another struggle that might match their Staley experience. The trial was a kind of reunion, and Gary Lamb, Dan Rhodes, Dick Schable -— the named rank and file plaintiffs in this class action suit, as jovial and big-hearted a group of guys as you're likely to find -— wanted to tell the big story again, and make someone pay. "I wouldn't want to do it again," Dan said remembering the fight, "but if I had to I would. It was one of the greatest things in my life, I'm serious."

Staley is a corn-processing refinery. In the 1980s it became the target of a hostile takeover by Tate & Lyle, the British sugar conglomerate, most famously the owner of Domino. The Decatur-based owners didn't have the power to resist, so the company changed hands, and the workers, who had enjoyed a paternalistic relationship with management, were subject to a new labor regime. Forced twelve-hour rotating shifts that fractured family life, "cooperative" schemes intended to enlist workers in the imposition of their own misery became staples of employment at Staley, along with greater exposure to workplace and environmental hazards.

Workers would regularly be ordered to perform tasks that weren't in their job descriptions and for which they hadn't been trained. Jim Beals was one of those; he was killed when propylene oxide seeped into a processing tank into which he'd been sent without proper safeguards. It was "an accident". OSHA cited the company for hundreds of violations; million-dollar fines were paid; new violations followed.

In 1992 the 860 members of Allied Industrial Workers Local 837, stalled in contract negotiations, looked across the ravaged landscape of resistance and didn't have to be told that the right to strike is a tenuous thing when encumbered by laws designed to make victory near impossible. They decided to stay on the job but organized themselves to "run the plant backwards", as their advisor Jerry Tucker, a former UAW official and longtime labor strategist, put it. Whatever efficiency tricks they'd developed over years of doing a job, they abandoned; whenever they were asked to perform outside their classification, they refused. The whole shop walked out once on a safety issue. They "worked to rule" and felt more power than they ever had in their lives.

Staley had been intransigent in hopes of prompting a strike, then breaking the union; now it was losing from 35 to 50 percent of its production with workers on the job and the union was stronger than ever. In late June of 1993 company security forcibly removed workers from the plant. Scabs took their place, as workers who'd been on the job for decades were reduced to $60 a week lockout pay.

By June 25, 1994, the date at the nub of the trial this month in Urbana, it was said that Illinois was a "war zone". Caterpillar workers were on strike in Decatur and elsewhere. At the Bridgestone/Firestone factory in Decatur, managers and scabs were producing tires whose devastating flaws would be one of the bigger corporate scandals of 2000. Across this battlefield the Staley workers, with no prior history of struggle, organized committees to help local families, traveled afar as Road Warriors spreading the word and enlisting support. They became the actual and symbolic leaders of rank-and-file resistance in the region and the country.

On June 25, 1994, thousands of people converged on Decatur for a solidarity demonstration. At the 21st Street factory gate, some twenty feet onto company property, protesters were met by Decatur's version of a SWAT team, outfitted in black battle dress uniforms, armed with batons and three one-pound canisters of pepper spray, bought specially for that day. Staley workers were up front, some wearing signs listing economic provisions of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. I saw one rank-and-file leader, Dan Lane, shoved by a police baton, and sit down; then others, some also pushed by police, sat down. They never charged the police line.

There was shouting, people were angry, everyone didn't line up meekly like Ghandians waiting for the next blow.

After a few minutes two officers simultaneously let loose the pepper spray at the seated workers. In the crowd people were choking, scrambling in fear, the burning agent having been dispensed some ten feet by special Commando Foggers into an assembly that included children and old people. On the line the workers were blinded, gasping for air. Dick Schable, 6 foot 4, 250 pounds, was shaking uncontrollably and said he felt his skin was on fire. Vic Pickel began crawling on the ground as if to get away; disoriented, he crossed the police line, whereupon a Lieut. RichardRyan grabbed him, turned him over, sprayed him again straight in the face and dragged him away to a hot bus where he suffered for hours without treatment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pickel's was the only arrest that day. Jerry Tucker (also a named plaintiff) had been standing when Sgt. James Chervinko walked by a number of other protesters and homed in with the spray at his face. Jerry went down, shuddering to catch his breath so violently for about fifteen minutes that those of us who knew of his bad heart were frightened that it might give out right there. To this day, he has no sense of smell.

At the trial, the "expert witness" for the defense described the effects of pepper spray as "just like hairspray –— the ladies can understand –— when you spray yourself in the eye…. It's not serious." The three defendants—Ryan, Chervinko and State Police trooper Robert Haley—called it a "condiment", seeing as it's made from the oil of hot peppers, although police literature calls it a "chemical munition".

To find for the police the jury had to ignore video tape evidence, and to believe they were threatened that jury had to believe that anything other than a prayer meeting opens cops to grave risk and thus gives them license to use whatever force they like. Jurors had to imagine that the police line that day wasn't made up of trained practitioners in violence but of people just like themselves. On the witness stand Gary, Dick and Dan insisted they were at the gate for a "nonviolent, peaceful protest". And they were. But there was shouting, people were angry, everyone didn't line up meekly like Ghandians waiting for the next blow. More than a few Vietnam vets were in the crowd that day, people who'd gone to war when they were 17 and come home right into Staley, and especially after the first spraying their impulse wasn't to be polite.

The police argued, in effect, that if protesters aren't polite, they aren't peaceful. The left is partly to blame for this. Decades of planned "CD", whereby an agreement is made in advance with police that X number of individuals will file in and be escorted away for "processing", usually with a minister on hand, have contributed to this narrowest of definitions of "nonviolence". The Staley workers had staged exactly that kind of protest on June 4, 1994, when 48 people were arrested, and the cops' attorneys emphasized the difference in tenor of the two protests: On June 25 some of the protesters "sat on our officers shoes"; Some cursed.

"If at least they'd taken the time to review all the evidence I'd still feel bad but I'd think they gave us a fair shake", Gary Lamb said of the jury after the verdict was read. Lamb, 52, had worked at Staley for twenty-seven years when he was locked out. He never went back. In 1995, the struggle was lost. The Allied Industrial Workers had earlier affiliated with the United Paperworkers International, a union whose president at the time, Wayne Glenn, was infamous for destroying pattern bargaining in the paper industry and selling out workers at Jay, Maine, and Lockhaven, Pennsylvania.

John Sweeney, newly elected as president of the AFL-CIO, promised Staley workers that the federation would go flat-out for them; it was a promise he couldn't keep and shouldn't have made. The UPIU just wanted to wrap it up, and after two years on lockout those in the local who'd always wanted to concede were joined by those who were simply exhausted, and at the urging of the International they capitulated to Staley's demands.

It seems that the jury, all white and purged during voir dire of anyone experienced with industrial unionism or the police, just wanted to wrap it up too. CP

David Brower, 1912-2000

David Brower died at his home in Berkeley a few blocks away from the house where he was born in 1912. That alone says a lot about who Dave Brower was. He was a Westerner, like Wallace Stegner and Edward Abbey. And something of a homebody. His life was rooted in place.

But Brower's vision was vast and encompassing. Although he was one of the world's most accomplished mountain climbers (with 70 first ascents and a trek into the Himalayans while he was in his 70s), he was one of the first to get beyond the notion of wilderness as merely an aesthetic landscape of alpine scenery, rocks and ice. He connected the concept to ecosystems, those wild corridors of life. He fought unrelentingly to save those big blank spaces on the maps. His life had briefly interesected with that of the greatest green champion of the nineteenth century, John Muir who died in 1914. Thus the aged Muir and the infant Brower were both alive at the moment of an event that profoundly shaped the imagination of American environmentalists: the flooding of the Hetch-Hetchy valley in Yosemite National Park in 1913. The inundation of Yosemite's most beautiful feature taught Brower's generation of conservationists that without uncompromising defenders, the industrialization of the West would obliterate everything in its path; even the designation of a national park was no guarantee.

Brower's accomplishments are written on the landscape in the dozens of wilderness areas and national parks he helped to create: Kings Canyon, North Cascades, Great Basin, Redwood, Point Reyes, Misty Fiords, Glacier Bay. He kept dams out of Dinosaur National Monument, the Yukon and the Grand Canyon. He battled nuclear power plants and was one of the first to view the military-industrial complex as a threat to the global environment.

The early conservation movement, led by the likes of John Muir and Aldo Leopold, was imbued with a stern, almost misanthropic demeanor. Dave Brower humanized environmentalism. He knew that the war to preserve wilderness couldn't be waged by an elite cadre of mountain climbers and rich, white neo-Transcendentalists. It would have to be a people's movement. And Brower, more than anyone else, shaped the modern environmental movement into a political force that reached across lines of class, race and gender.

"When they win, it's forever; when we win, it's merely a stay of execution. We've got to remain eternally vigilant." It was one of Brower's favorite maxims. In the war

(Brower continued on page 6)

SUBSCRIPTION INFO
Enter/Renew Subscription here:
One year individual, $40
($35 email only / $45 email/print)
One year institution/supporters $100
One year student/low income, $30
T-shirts, $17
Please send back issue(s)
_____ ($5/issue)

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

_____

Payment must accompany order, or just dial 1-800-840-3683 and renew by credit card. Add $17.50 for foreign subscriptions. If you want CounterPunch emailed to you please supply your email address. Make checks payable to: **CounterPunch.**
Business Office
PO Box 228, Petrolia, CA 95558

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against nature, no victory can be taken for granted. No inch of ground is forever safe.. Yet, for all the tragic battles and losses that Dave Brower witnessed over the course of this century, he never became embittered. Brower had a westerner's engrained sense of optimism. He gave the lie to the cliché that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Brower was constantly evolving, learning new methods of organizing and attack. He always maintained faith that a new generation would come along with energy and vision and determination to escalate the fight.

There's no question that Dave Brower had an enormous ego. But he had the good sense to marry someone who was more than his equal intellectually and politically, Anne Brower. Anne, an editor at the University of California at Berkeley, kept Brower grounded. She told us a few years ago that perhaps her epitaph should read, "I made his subjects and verbs agree." But she did far more than that. If anything she was more politically militant than Dave, urging him to retaliate when he was stabbed in the back by the Sierra Club in 1969, helping him found Friends of the Earth and Earth Island Institute, tolerating his eccentricities and fondness for Tanqueray gin.

The last year of David Brower's life was one of his most militant.

The last year of Dave Brower's life was one of his most productive. He helped create a new and promising coalition: the Alliance for Sustainable Jobs and the Environment, an unlikely marriage of Earth First!ers and Steelworkers. Brower was in Seattle on N30 of last year, siding with the street warriors, denouncing the cops, railing at the lords of international finance. He spoke with authority about the betrayals of the Clinton/Gore administration. A few days before he died, he filled out his absentee ballot, voting for Ralph Nader and a slate of Green Party candidates in California.

We last saw Brower in March in Page, Arizona at a protest on the rim of Glen Canyon, overlooking that hated dam. Rightly or wrongly, Brower felt a measure of guilt for the dam's existence. To keep a dam out of Dinosaur National Monument, Brower had looked the other way when the Bureau of Reclamation planned this monstrosity at Page. Then he floated down the Colorado and realized what a mystical place would be lost. "Don't trade a place you know for one you don't," he said. It's good advice for any political fighter. But Brower learned his lesson and never stopped trying to right an old wrong.

On that spring day, the old fire was in Brower's eyes as he looked out not on the past and that wretched reservoir, but on the 500 greens assembled on a weekday in one of the most remote parts of the Southwest. He looked to the future and a vibrant new movement that had staked its claim of resistance that day in the very belly of the beast. "Never let them beat you down as being doomsters or naysayers," Brower said. "Because if you are against a dam, you're for a river. It's time to let this river run free." **CP**

(Vote cont. from page 3)

will never be snuffed out."

Glorious Gridlock

Are the stakes really that high. Of course they're not. That's why everyone is having such a wonderful time. It makes scant difference which one is "elected", or appointed by America's minuscule reserve of "wise men" (we even saw Sandy Vanocur drafted in as just such a "wise man"). We have glorious gridlock, and the prospect of glorious gridlock for the next fouur years. If Bush makes it, we'll probably get Al in four years after Bush is retired, just as his dad was, by a recession. If Gore makes it, we'll get W in 2004 for the same reasons, then in 2008 it will be Hillary's turn.

And our greatest president? Ford of course, who never even received a popular mandate either as veep or president. New evidence of his sterling merits, just in from a new report by the House Budget Committee, Democratic minority staff: Table 2: Growth of Non-defense Appropriations by Presidency. Average annual percent change in real outlays, adjusted for timing shifts. Ford 1973-1977 7.2%; Nixon 1969-1973 4.3%; Bush 1989-1993 3.8%; Johnson 1965-1969 2.7%; Carter 1977-1981 2.2%; Clinton 1993-2001 2.0%; Reagan 1981-1989 (-1.3%). In other words, the most FDR-like disbursements were from Ford, the only commander in chief indisputably elevated without vote fraud. **CP**

CounterPunch
3220 N Street, NW, PMB 346
Washington, DC 20007-2829

Attention Subscribers: the number that appears above your name on the mailing label refers to the ISSUE NUMBER of CounterPunch after which your subscription expires, NOT the month. Don't worry, this confuses everyone.

What Vote Fraud Did for General Dynamics

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED